

# Good Morning 747

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

## Soccer's Big Boss Keep-fit Expert

ASSOCIATION Football in Great Britain is ruled from offices in Lancaster Gate, Bayswater, where the Football Association, which gives "soccer" its name, has its offices.

Every professional and amateur club plays according to the rules of the F.A., and abides by its rulings in any case of dispute.

The F.A. organises the big cup competitions and generally looks after the welfare of football from the point of view of the professional player, the amateur, and the spectator.

Few ruling bodies in sport have been more conspicuously successful during the present

In the early stages, all players were at least technically amateurs. In 1885 professionalism was allowed.

In 1907 most of the amateur clubs seceded from the F.A., and started an Amateur Football Association cup competition. As the F.A. continued its Amateur Cup, there was much confusion.

The new association did not enjoy great success, and in 1914 returned to the F.A., keeping its own name and cup. There has been peace ever since.

During the war, the F.A. has been active in anticipating the problems of the future—the question of football pools and of full-time professionalism.

A special committee, including six direct representatives of the clubs, was appointed to consider the post-war plans for football.

The F.A. has been most fortunate in its secretaries, upon whose personality, enthusiasm and integrity so much depends. Its first secretary was C. W. Alcock, who remained in office until 1895, when he was succeeded by Mr. F. J. Wall.

After a long and successful career Mr. Wall was succeeded by Mr. Stanley F. Rous, who had started as a referee as a "sideline" and done great things for the "Keep Fit" movement, and the coaching of schoolboys.

The F.A. has a card index of every recognised player, amateur and professional. On each card is marked every player's achievements and, incidentally, fines and suspensions if any! In normal times it takes three people all their time to keep this great index constantly up-to-date.

R. L. Stephens

## Shooting (darts and birds) for L. Sig. Tooth

WELCOME home to Vicarage Lane, might be the slogan awaiting you, L. Sgn. George Tooth, when you return to Loddsworth, near Peterborough, Sussex.

The home of your parents was the first we had called on that had a real old-fashioned well in the garden, and we could not but be enthralled by it.

Your father is keeping the garden well up to standard, and you should find nothing to complain of when you return.

You will no doubt find time for some shooting at Farmer Smallbridge's—he, by the way, is looking forward to seeing you there again—and some fishing in the River Selham with your friend, Willie Gray.

There is also a visit to be paid to the "George and Dragon," where Mr. Gibbons is anticipating some more darts matches. He would like to add

# IT'S A CRAZY LIFE DOWN ON THE FARM

and it's an Ex-Sailor, Alan Thornwood, telling you why

SERVICEMEN are being told—and so are ordinary civilians—to go back to the land, and that a good living can be had that way. I am an ex-sailor, and I went back to the land. It's a great life.

With a friend I bought a farm, a dairy farm, and a small herd of cattle. We had two horses, a number of acres, two helpers, fruit trees, chickens in galore, and we wanted to work the place on strictly modern lines. We did.

Our first great trouble was that our cows would stray into fields belonging to neighbours, so my partner advised that we got our wire fences electrified.

It took some time before we got the apparatus from a neighbouring town. It seemed quite simple to operate and we soon had one side of the fence electrified.

Mabel, our oldest cow and best milker, stood beside us, intensely interested. She was the chief culprit at gnawing our neighbours' crops. When we sunk the plunger and made contact she gave a loud "moo" and headed for a neighbour's field.

By the time we had her returned to her own enclosure she had told all the other cows and calves about the fence; but none of them believed her, it seems.

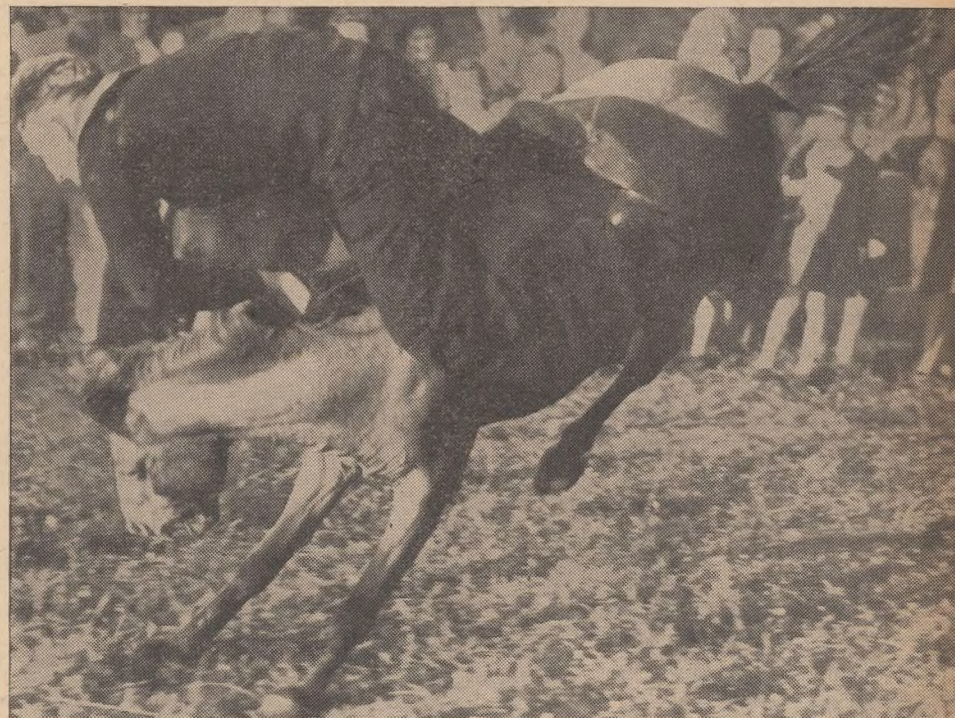
One calf, indeed, bent her knees and wriggled through into the enclosure, lifting the electrified wire with her back and not bothering about electricity in the least.

Seeing this we began to wonder where the thing had gone wrong. Mabel looked at us with sardonic contempt and began to burrow under the wire to get out.

My partner suddenly rushed off and brought back a bucket of water. He threw the water over Mabel as she was three-quarters way out under the wire.

The next thing we knew a small earthquake had struck the ground around Mabel. She leaped back as if she had been shot out of a catapult, threw her stern into the air, lashed her tail sideways, and bellowed like a wild bull.

A calf came up to see what was the matter with her mother, and before Mabel could tell the daughter the wickedness of mankind, the calf hit the dripping electrified wire.



"The horse never liked me... After I was thrown he'd look at me sideways and sneer."

I will say this for the calf, it would have made our fortunes as an acrobat—if only it could have kept the performance up. I never saw a calf do as much in the way of tumbling and vaulting invisible hurdles in my life. And it kept up a howling all the time.

Then out of the stable came our brown horse. Now, that horse had never liked us. He always seemed to make fun of us. He had been on a real farm before we bought him, and he used to look sideways back at us as we drove him in the cart, sneering at us all the way to market.

### COME ON STEVE.

He had no right to come out of the stable; but that, probably, is why he came. We called to him to go away, it was not his show. But he came on. He careered past my partner, jostled the cows aside and gave us the horse laugh. He'd show us about putting up wire fencing. (He had shown us already, had broken down yards of it.)

This time he walked straight to the fence and sniffed at it. He sniffed too closely. His nose touched the fence, the wet bit. He might have been a

prize rodeo mustang from that moment.

He rose on his hind legs and appealed to heaven against the thing that had struck him. He kept up a sparring match with himself, telling the whole world his indignation for fifteen minutes.

Then he dropped on to his fore feet and stood staring at us, with a look in his eye I never wish to see again. He just couldn't believe it.

Maybe it dawned on him that he was mistaken. Maybe he thought it had all been a dream; for he walked slowly and deliberately at the fence again—and this time he backed into it with the opposite end of him. He was going into reverse.

He couldn't say we didn't warn him. I myself called to him to stop. He didn't stop—not until his tail-end rested gently on the live wire.

I say "rested gently," but one couldn't call it that exactly. It seemed to brush the wire—and the brown horse rose in the air as if he would break the record for any standing long jump in the world.

He landed safely, and sat down and began to wriggle forward with his forefeet on the ground and so pulling his haunches after him.

His idea was evidently that something had got stuck on his rear.

He didn't remain long trying to push this invisible something off his rear. He hoisted himself with lightning effort to his four feet and began to career round the field. He ran faster than ever he ran in his life—twice round without a stop.

He then made straight for the stable and vanished into the darkness thereof, and slammed the door behind him with his heels. We never saw him again that day.

Jessie, we used to think, was a sweet-natured cow. She had been, up till then, very placid and obedient; but she had one failing. She loved to roam.

It was Jessie's turn next. She wanted to get away from the scene into a field of turnips that didn't belong to us.

She went to the wire, and just as she was about to get down on her knees to crawl through, swish came another bucket of water over her. I did the swishing.

Jessie did a complete somersault. It was the clean-

est somersault any cow ever did.

Two calves romped up to her as she lay spitting fire, and they got it too. One of them went up five feet in the air, and came down all standing, stunned, rebuked and bewildered.

They say that cattle have no sense. Don't you believe it. Our cattle have plenty. They gathered in a cluster, heads together, and talked things over.

### AND SO TO BED.

Then, having exchanged views, they put the matter to the vote; and headed by Mabel they all marched back to the place where they ought to have been hours before—the cowshed. The mothers put the children in first and went in after them.

The next morning we opened the cowshed doors, and the stable doors. The cows came out, the children with them. The brown horse came out, and the white horse with him.

Did they make a rush for neighbouring crops? They did not. They seemed to have lost interest in neighbouring crops.

Our dairy farm is quite a success. We run it on modern lines; and if any submarine men ever want to settle down to the life I would advise them not to forget the idea of an electrified wire.

It costs about £25 or so; but it saves law suits with neighbours—and it gives one the best trained herds to be had. The brown horse never looks round the cart shafts to sneer at us now.



his own good wishes to those of all the other Petworth folk you know.

Your mother was seeing off your sister, Barbara, who had just left to catch the bus to Portsmouth and the Wrennery. On her return she told us how sorry Barbara was to have missed us, but she sends you all her best wishes and asks you not to forget

her one request—the silk stockings, you know!

Even if you don't manage this, however, Mother will still have a big, fresh welcome-home salad ready for you, complete with eggs.

She joins your father, in the meantime, in wishing you the best of luck—and hoping it won't be long now before you get back to Vicarage Lane.

Raspberries are our favourite fruit.

So write and tell us what you really think about

"GOOD MORNING"

LETTERS TO:—

"Good Morning"  
c/o Dept. of C. N. I.,  
Admiralty, London, S.W.1.



# BRETHREN OF THE MAIN

Another 3-day story of the Sea  
written for the Service

"THEY haven't flattered me a gasoline launch from Nassau in that picture, Atilla, over to Miami during the night. That's one fault of it," remarked and think they are having a Captain Silk grimly as he lifted adventure. I tell you, Atilla, his glass and drained it. "Of the Spanish Main isn't what it course they couldn't expect me used to be!" "No?" "to sit for a portrait; but they've valued me at a pretty low rate." "It isn't, my lad, take it from Clean-shaven, with a rugged me. I've a good mind to go face of mahogany and a pair of back to London and see the buses very blue eyes, the captain puffed in the Strand—" "You're not thinking of leaving thoughtfully at his black cigar. "The picture he referred to was the Caribbean?" cried Atilla anxiously. "Why not? If I had a ship large sheet of official paper tacked I might—" up on the wall of the saloon; "Captain," said Atilla in a and surrounding the picture was low voice, "that's just what I a considerable amount of letter-came to talk to you about! press stating that a reward of I want a ship and guns—and your one thousand pounds would be help. I want you to do me a big given for information which would favour and we'll go into partner-lead to his arrest on various ship—Brethren of the Main, in-charges of running liquor into deed!" "The captain grinned. United States. "I know what you're after, Florida against the laws of the United States. "If I'd known they were Atilla. You want me to start advertising for you like this, my another fool revolution for you dear captain, I'd never have in one of these eruptive coast asked you to meet me here, of republics. Is this to be a real course. This town of Port au Prince has its drawbacks, but it's handy—and they'd never—" "Just a diplomatic one, cap-Prince has its drawbacks, but it's handy—and they'd never—" "The little man seated beside the captain raised his hands in eloquent gesture. "Oh, a little thing like that captain," said the little man don't worry me, Atilla," interrupted Silk, jerking his thumb towards the picture. "We can talk here as well as anywhere else. This whisky-running business is needing a jolt anyway. There's no originality in it. "All most of them do is to run them. The sea was the natural

element of Silk, the land the agreed on everything but method. everywhere among the houses. They had planned many adventures and always they had dis- from the harbour was a little agreed on how to bring them to gunboat, the navy of the President pass. Silk would point to his of Haiti, manned by negroes, you that I haven't got the money reputation gained throughout the officered by negroes, but com- manded by a white man. It was because whites do not me, captain! I am Chancellor of the Exchequer of my State!" Silk smiled, and his eyes turned towards the gunboat once more. A negro seaman was standing on the bridge waving his arms towards a small schooner which lay down stream. "Of course, Atilla, if you can provide cash, that's different. And did you want real rifles, or just rifles for a revolution?" "Oh, well—" "Birmingham used to sell what ought to do you—ten shillings a pair, warranted to shoot straight twice. After that your crowd had better be careful or they'll hurt themselves. A thousand or so should do you."

Silk was strenuous, blunt, dogmatic. He carried a gun. Montgomery had no gun but he had a tongue. He was the antithesis of his friend in everything—suave, restrained. Silk believed in force. Montgomery in discussion and persuasion. It was their one difference. Their objects were the same. Silk was the man who originated the idea of running liquor cargoes from the Bahamas to the United States when that country went dry. It was he who appeared in a schooner one night outside Atlantic City with the crisp notice strung in electric lights between his masts: "Come out and get it!" And though the police patrolled the beach until dawn the liquor went ashore.

In a hundred ways he had defeated the attempts of the Government agents to catch him. Nobody knew his proper name, but the islands had christened him "Silk" because he was so smooth that he always slipped through the fingers of his enemies; and because he was so tough. Atilla Montgomery had played at being a politician as long as Silk had sailed the Caribbean. He had been behind every change of government from the Orinoco to Guatemala for the last dozen years—and that is something of a record. That he had escaped with his life was due to his diplomacy. He was feared on land as Silk was feared on the sea. Whenever the two met they

agreed on everything but method. everywhere among the houses. They had planned many adventures and always they had dis- from the harbour was a little agreed on how to bring them to gunboat, the navy of the President pass. Silk would point to his of Haiti, manned by negroes, you that I haven't got the money reputation gained throughout the officered by negroes, but com- manded by a white man. It was because whites do not me, captain! I am Chancellor of the Exchequer of my State!" Silk smiled, and his eyes turned towards the gunboat once more. A negro seaman was standing on the bridge waving his arms towards a small schooner which lay down stream. "Of course, Atilla, if you can provide cash, that's different. And did you want real rifles, or just rifles for a revolution?" "Oh, well—" "Birmingham used to sell what ought to do you—ten shillings a pair, warranted to shoot straight twice. After that your crowd had better be careful or they'll hurt themselves. A thousand or so should do you."

So they lived, each aiding the other when necessary; both declaring in the end that his method had conquered. "So you're coming into the open at last, Atilla?" asked the captain, taking up his cigar again regarding his friend thoughtfully. "Merely in a diplomatic way," murmured Atilla. "But I didn't dream that the U.S.A. people had put a price on your head, captain. It's dangerous to remain here—" "Atilla, my son, it's been dangerous for me anywhere ever since I can remember," said Silk grimly. "I recall the day I went down to the docks at Canning Town to get a ship. I was about fourteen then."

Up and down these waters they had hunted; and these same Tortugas had sheltered

"The local schoolmaster and I had quarrelled and I left him on the floor with a slate ringed round his neck. I shipped for Jamaica that night."

He paused and gazed across the harbour down the broad channel which led out to the Caribbean. The air was hot and steamy; fishing vessels and other craft with white and coloured sails drifted about the flat, glassy water. Outside the door of the saloon the black population of the capital of the black republic drifted past, gaudy and slow. Rotten fish and vegetables lay about in the cobbled street. Palms and orange trees flourished

Up and down these waters they had hunted; and these same Tortugas had sheltered

Silk more than once when he was hard pressed.

The captain withdrew his eyes from the tiny gunboat which he had been watching and turned to Atilla.

"I've met a few folk like that schoolmaster since then," he continued slowly. "If it's a revolution you want, Atilla, I can tell you that I haven't got the money to buy a ship—" "But you could buy one for me, captain! I am Chancellor of the Exchequer of my State!" Silk smiled, and his eyes turned towards the gunboat once more. A negro seaman was standing on the bridge waving his arms towards a small schooner which lay down stream. "Of course, Atilla, if you can provide cash, that's different. And did you want real rifles, or just rifles for a revolution?" "Oh, well—" "Birmingham used to sell what ought to do you—ten shillings a pair, warranted to shoot straight twice. After that your crowd had better be careful or they'll hurt themselves. A thousand or so should do you."

"Captain, you are still the genius!" "Oh, I've looked about a bit, son."

(Continued on Page 3)

## QUIZ for today

burn, how would you pronounce his name?

6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31.

Answers to Quiz in No. 746

1. Of what wood are golf clubs made?
2. How many true legs has a caterpillar?
3. Why is grog so called?
4. For what do the letters, L.L.D., stand?
5. If you knew a Mr. Cock-

1. Red.
2. Nottinghamshire.
3. 570 A.D.
4. Licentiate of Dental Surgery.
5. Gay-gan.
6. Jubate means having a mane; others mean cheerful, joyful.

## First Thermometer

BEFORE the seventeenth century there was no way of telling how hot or how cold the weather was. People could only say "It's hotter to-day than it was that hot day we had a month ago last Thursday," or "It's not so cold as it was that time Farmer Bumble's pig got frozen in the duck-pond."

And there was sure to be someone around who disagreed, and all kinds of heated arguments and cold sneers broke out.

Many scientists had tried their hand at making some kind of apparatus which would register heat and cold exactly. Isaac Newton had a shot at it, using tubes containing spirits of wine, oil, and other substances, but without much luck.

It was a poor business man whose business had gone broke and who dabbled about with chemistry who discovered the solution to the problem—Gabriel Fahrenheit, a German living in Amsterdam.

He discovered in 1720 that mercury provided all the answers to the problem the scientists had been racking their brains over for years. He produced the Fahrenheit thermometer—in much the same form as has been used all over the world ever since.

The basis of his plan to mark the various degrees of cold and heat was to determine the point on his tube the mercury reached when water boiled and when it froze.

But he found that a mixture of water, ice and sal-ammoniac froze 32 degrees below that of plain water, and as this was the coldest substance he could find, he made the lowest mark or freezing point 32 degrees.

He died about twenty years later, never knowing that there were places in the world where the temperature was well below his 32 degrees minimum.

But he had given the world a measure that was to prove one of its most useful scientific possessions.

Everyone, except the professional arguers, was glad. They turned their hands to trying to make weather forecasts. They are still at it.

D.N.K.B.

## Heard This Before?

Two women in Berlin met another who was beautifully dressed. One said to the other: "Look at her! And people say there is nothing to buy in the shops."

The other answered: "It is all thanks to the Fuehrer's victories. Her dress is from Paris, the stockings from Holland, the gloves from Belgium, and her hat from Roumania."

"And hasn't she anything from Russia?" "Yes, her mourning veil."

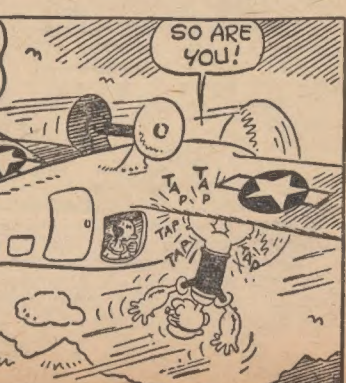
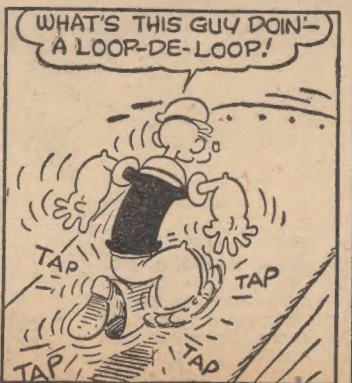
## BEELZEBUB JONES



## BELINDA



## POPEYE





## Wangling Words No. 685

1. Behead a carpenter's tool and get a contest.
2. Insert the same letter 5 times and make sense of: Heedhislocksromourtoive.
3. What kind of sportsman can be written in capital letters consisting entirely of straight lines?
4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: He does not anything — five pounds a week.

## Answers to Wangling Words—No. 684

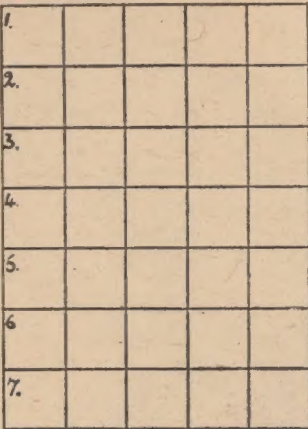
1. S-PAce.
2. The muff was stuffed with fine fluff.
3. WHILE.
4. Real earl.

JANE

## PUZZLE CORNER

When you have filled in the answers to the clues given, you will find the centre column down gives you something often reached by cricketers but rarely in life:—

1. Small, silvery river fish.



## Brethren of the Main

(Continued from Page 2)

Atilla cast his eyes round the saloon which was filling up with coloured seamen. He put his hand to his lips and spoke from behind it.

"It was my diplomacy, captain, that made me chancellor! I foresaw that we would need money—"

"All right, Atilla, but all you need to do is to shoot that president and give the population rum. Diplomacy's not worth a row of beans. Take that schoolmaster I was telling you about. Do you think diplomacy—"

2. From which butter is made.

3. Gasps for breath.

4. Piece of cloth sewed on a garment.

5. To contact.

6. Merchandise.

7. In a dry manner.

Solution to-morrow.

He thumped his fist on the table and the glasses danced along the polished surface. A negro waiter came running at the summons.

"Fetch another bottle, Sam, and make it real liquor. That was slops you gave us—"

"Slops, sah! Dat was de oldest rum in de whole island, sah! Dere ain't no stronger stuff in de entire Caribbean, sah!"

"Huh! Call that rum! Put a dash of brandy in it—real brandy, mind!"

He looked out towards the harbour again. The gunboat's deck was clear of men. The schooner was being trimmed for sea, her sails being shaken out by a black crew. Silk ran his eye over the customers of the saloon.

A white man had entered and was lounging against the bar.

The negro waiter returned

with the drink which Silk took and emptied down his throat.

If the negro, who looked on in open-mouthed wonder, expected to see the captain collapse under the fiery liquor he was disappointed, for Silk never turned a hair. He paid for his drink and took up his cigar.

"Atilla," he said quietly, "there's likely to be a chance for your diplomacy soon. See that gunboat out there?"

"Yes, captain."

"Her commander is a Yankee. He sailed a coast patrol some time ago when I was running stuff into Florida. Chased me for two days, but I floated the goods ashore in spite of him—hullo, who's this?"

The white man who had entered the saloon was making for their table. He carried a black bottle

under his arm and an empty glass in his hand.

(To be continued).



"Two tuppennies, please . . . my wife's for'ard!"



## People Are Queer

SIXTY-FIVE years ago Mr. William Heddle, of Southend, said "I do" when the parson asked him the well-known question, and a few minutes later he was kissing his young bride in the vestry.

The other day Mr. Heddle, now ninety-eight, kissed his long-term partner as they celebrated their wedding anniversary in their house in Warrior Square, Southend. Ten children and, in all, eighty living descendants were the result of that "I do."

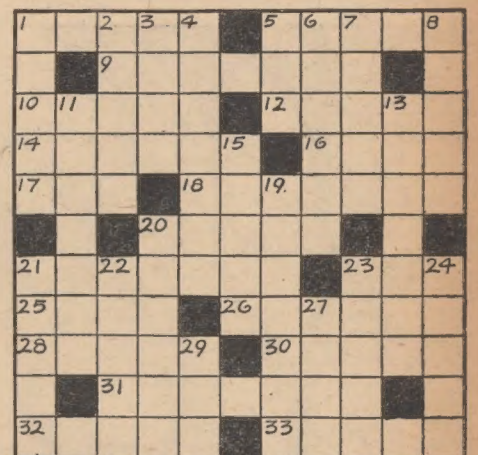
One of the outstanding events of the old man's life is when he went to the doctor. That was eighty years ago. He fears he may have to go again, someday. But he doesn't want to make a habit of it. He's one of a famous Southend family, most of them members of the religious sect known as "The Peculiar People." Until a few years ago he was one of their Bishops.

## Paying for Playing

WHICH is the most expensive sport—for the sportsman? At yachting there is no limit to what you can spend. Shooting can be expensive—grouse moors cost about £1 per brace, and stag moors up to £5,000 for the season—before you pay for guns, cartridges, transport, loaders, drivers, etc. Polo is a millionaire's game which may cost £3,000 a year for a man who wants good ponies.

## CROSS-WORD CORNER

HASTE LIFT  
ACTIVE ROUT  
PRONE HOUR  
PERK BANNER  
Y ELVER DEE  
M EAGER N  
TIC PUMAS C  
ORIGIN PALL  
FIRED TIBIA  
FACT FEELER  
MASH ARENA



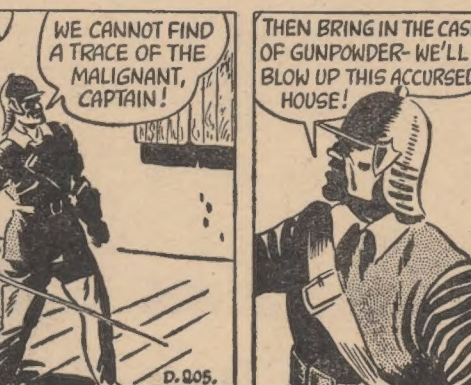
CLUES ACROSS.—1 Stick. 5 Flavouring. 9 Shelter. 10 Fat. 12 Talk rot. 14 Covered. 16 Sort of jacket. 17 Young animal. 18 Guide astray. 20 Irritable. 21 Gag. 23 Drink. 25 Break. 26 Mallet. 28 Girl's name. 30 Increase. 31 Aromatic plant. 32 Powdery. 33 Requirements.

CLUES DOWN.—1 Linen gown. 2 In front. 3 Quick. 4 No slave. 5 Soak. 6 Entirely. 7 Cross. 8 Correct. 11 Hot. 13 Sycophants. 15 Narrow excavation. 19 Suet fat. 20 Reproduce. 21 Scandinavian poet. 22 County. 23 Hit. 24 Printing. 27 Hair. 29 Swelling.

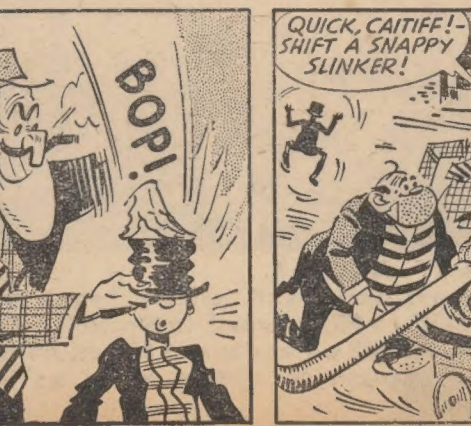
## RUGGLES



## GARTH

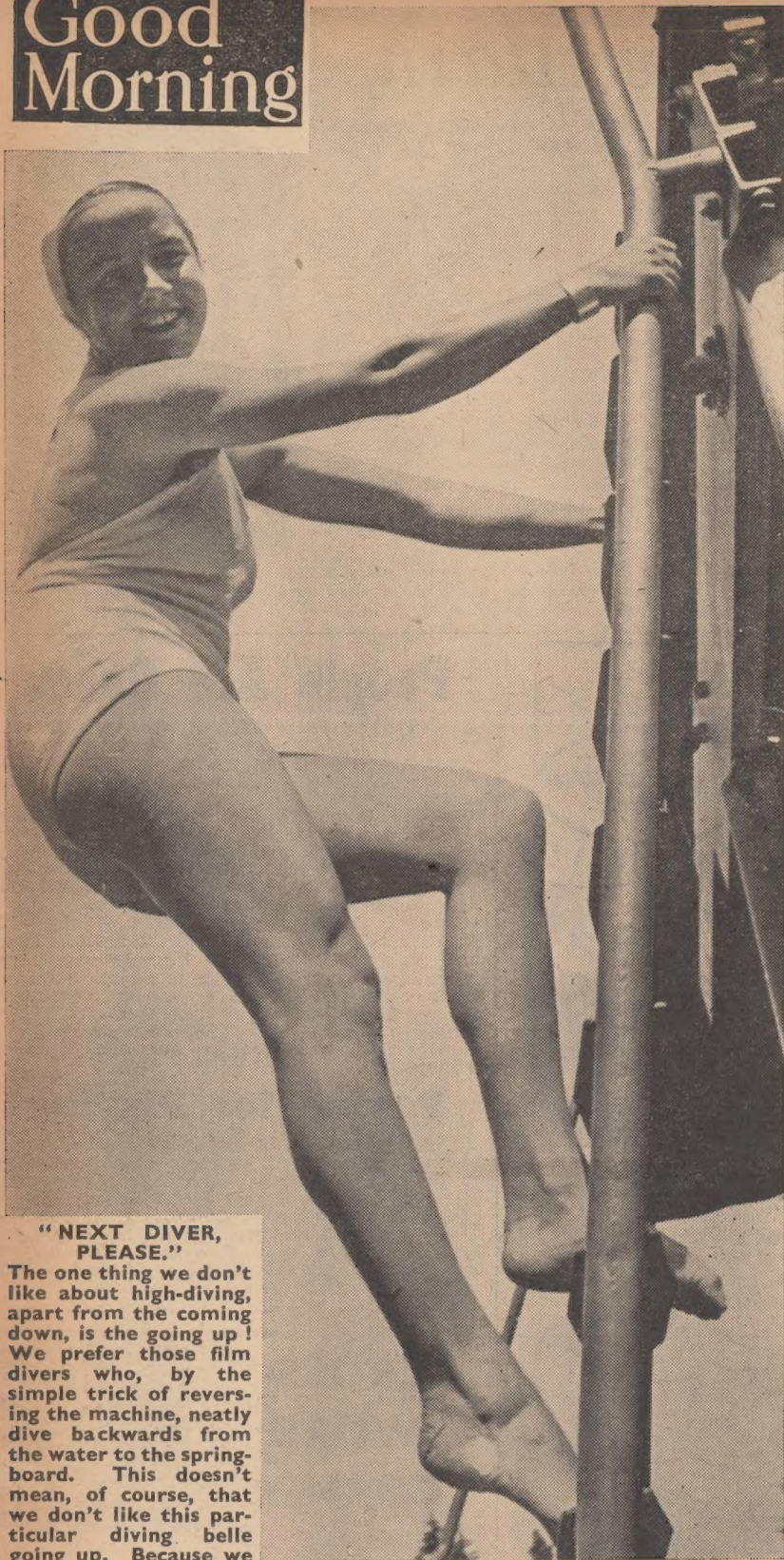


## JUST JAKE





# Good Morning



## "NEXT DIVER, PLEASE."

The one thing we don't like about high-diving, apart from the coming down, is the going up! We prefer those film divers who, by the simple trick of reversing the machine, neatly dive backwards from the water to the spring-board. This doesn't mean, of course, that we don't like this particular diving belle going up. Because we do.



**WHEN FATHER SAYS "TURN," WE all TURN.** Not, of course, that Father ever found his way into a bed as comfortable as this one. That's why he died a disappointed man! The tomboy, who bounces so happily on the middle springs, immediately took our eye. Next thing we knew, she had taken our heart.

**P.S.—**At time of going to press, she has taken our eye, our hearts—and our purse!



## THE COMPLEAT ANGLER.

Old Izaak Walton himself could only have approved of this solitary, happy man who stands, still as a statue, in his solitary skiff on Filby Broad, in Norfolk. The leaves have fallen from the fringing trees—for all we know and for all he has noticed—summer turned to autumn, and autumn to winter, while he has fished on.



The well-upholstered and quaintly be-trousered dame is a cockler. So is her oddly head-dressed mate. They are sorting through a huge pile of these delectable shell-fish at the little fishing village of Penclawdd in South Wales. Hullo, cocklers!

